

The Evening World.

Published by the News Publishing Company, No. 10 to 12
Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office
at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 48.....NO. 14,908.

THINGS NOT DONE.

As Mayor Low returns to his desk refreshed with his vacation he will have to note with pain that not much has been done during his absence in the way of reform in any department of city government.

President Cantor has not put up any new signs on the street corners. Commissioner Lindenthal has not relieved the Bridge Trust, the school authorities have not provided additional seats for the additional children. Commissioner Monroe wants \$700,000 more for his department. Commissioner Wells has muddled the whole question of assessments and District Attorney Jerome has not put an end to police blackmail.

Last and worst of all the Mayor will find that gambling instead of being suppressed is on the increase, that new gambling-houses are being opened every day, that gamblers are now acting as lighthouses and steerers for the gambling-houses and that Commissioner Partridge has evidently no control of the situation.

The record of reforms that have not been accomplished in the last three weeks or indeed in the last eight months is distressingly long.

Getting Monotonous.—"Society folks to give real circus!" Don't the society folks give the public a real circus all the time?

SCHOOL DAY.

The platoons of children moving to school to-day, only a few of them like snails unwillingly, would make an imposing sight if marching in solid procession down Broadway. Half a million of them, enough to keep the "L" trains crowded all day long! Future presidents—of banks, trusts and perhaps of the Republic. Possibly a Pettit among the girls—or a Mary Anderson. Young fellows about to take their first shots at life's target and to be trained in marksmanship by teachers of a high grade. A wonderful expansion from the little red schoolhouse of early days.

The man who wrote what next to "Tom Brown at Rugby" is the best school story in English, "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," and who died last week aged only a few years past sixty saw much of this development of the American school. Between the cabin-like schoolhouse of which he wrote and the palatial Wadleigh High School opened in Harlem to-day, what a contrast! A school with gymnasiums, lunch rooms, reception rooms, storage for bicycles, a room for drying wet clothing, every facility for comfort and health, a place for keeping the body sound while the mind is acquiring wisdom. The little red schoolhouse was good but we have changed it for a better.

Remembering the Sabbath.—A proper respect for the Sabbath is all right, but isn't Commissioner Partridge pushing it too far when he says: "I am not going to talk about police business on Sunday?" Why not?

OUR MADCAP PRESIDENT.

As if to show that his recent trolley-car experience in Pittsfield had not diminished his ardor and enthusiasm, President Roosevelt yesterday varied the monotony of his reception at Chickamauga by leading his escort a mad gallop through the National Park at its highest speed of his spirited mount, an animal especially selected for him and placed at his disposal by one of the officers of the Seventh Cavalry.

As the escort was unprepared for such a burst of speed there were some mishaps in the ranks. A fall from a galloping horse is hardly less dangerous than a collision with a trolley car, and many of those who started out on horseback came back in ambulances.

Again it seems necessary to repeat that the President owes the nation the duty of not risking his life unnecessarily, and that the people would like to have the President show more dignity.

Took His Defeat Seriously.—The captain of a defeated amateur baseball nine has gone insane because of mortification. He regards himself as disgraced for life because the opposing team made twenty-six runs to one made by his own nine. Ridicule is hard to bear, but a more elastic mind would have bobbed up serenely and tried it again. Mr. Tennyson's remark about riding on the stepping stones of our dead selves to higher things applies to baseball.

THE AMBULANCE SURGEON AGAIN!

With decent attention and ordinary surgical care the life of John Schimpf, Jr., of Brooklyn, who fractured his skull in a fall from a trolley car Saturday night, might have been saved. When he was picked up insensible on the street with a wound on the top of his head extending two inches behind his right ear an ambulance was called for from St. Mary's Hospital. The ambulance surgeon promptly diagnosed the case as one of alcoholism and turned the victim over to the police, who locked him up over night in a cell without further attention. In the morning, as he was still unconscious, the ambulance was again summoned, the fracture was discovered and the poor victim of ignorance and brutality was returned to the hospital, where he died without regaining consciousness.

The first physician in explaining his mistaken and inexcusable diagnosis says: "There were no symptoms of concussion of the brain that I could see." Would it not be worth while to overhaul the management and discipline of a hospital which places the lives of human beings at the mercy of such practitioners?

OUR VOLCANIC NEIGHBORS.

It is reassuring to be told from Washington that the German shells which battered the Haytian gunboat in the harbor of Gonaves did not damage whatever to the Monroe Doctrine and that that precious safeguard of our continental sovereignty is still whole and intact.

There is enough going on around us to keep a timid patriot awake at nights. Our filibusters seem to be helping both sides in the Colombian revolution, Venezuela is not an ideal home for a nervous invalid, and in the interests of common humanity something will have to be done with Hayti, which we don't want ourselves and which we don't want any one else to take.

The situation would be more satisfactory if we did not have a President who "swears by the army" and whose ideas are more in accord with those of Kaiser Wilhelm than of William McKinley. Taken altogether the alarms of the timid patriot may not be wholly groundless.



The Evening World's

The Funny Side of Life.

JOKES OF OUR OWN

ALL RULES REVERSED.
A game of poker once was played
Which never could be forgot;
Dan Cupid was the banker bold
And marriage was the pot.
Four Jacks were held in one man's hand.

And yet no chance she stood;
Another had a diamond flush;
But here, too, was not "good."
Now list, kind reader, to my tale.
This is the strangest part:
The pot was taken in by one
Who simply had—a heart.

THE DRESSMAKERS.
Mrs. Shortmoney—I wonder what the dressmakers' convention will do?
Mr. Shortmoney—Don't I know. They'll do a lot of us unsophisticated poor husbands, as they always do.

CUPID'S TRUST.
"How are Mr. and Mrs. Twelve-a-Week, only two months married, going to meet the coal bills this winter?"
"Their love hasn't grown cold enough yet to permit consideration of any such foolish matter as that."

BORROWED JOKES.
DOCTOR'S WISDOM.
Young Physician—If it is impossible to determine the nature of the disease what is the proper thing to do?
Old Doctor—Look wise and say nothing.—Chicago Daily News.

ENTIRELY DIFFERENT.
Mrs. Timmins—John, I must say you are the narrowest-minded man I ever saw. You have an idea that nobody is ever right but yourself.
Mr. Timmins—Better look to home. Were you ever willing to admit that anybody was right who differed from you?

Mrs. Timmins—That's an entirely different thing, and you know it, John Timmins.—Boston Transcript.

GOAT WANTED.
Wife (who is doing her own cooking now)—I can't seem to make little enough of anything. I wish some poor hungry creature had what we have left every day.
Hubby (who hasn't much appetite lately)—Yes, we ought to keep a goat. They say a goat can eat anything.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

SOMEBOODIES.
BEIT, ALFRED—the South African millionaire, is reputed to be the wealthiest man in the world. His fortune, said to exceed \$1,000,000,000, was made within a period of twenty-five years.

CZAR OF RUSSIA, THE—has been taking lessons in painting, to amuse his leisure, and is reported to have developed quite a talent in this direction.

JONES, ALFRED D.—the man who founded Omaha, is still living in that city.

STEWART, JOHN T.—is one of the richest farmers in Kansas. On arriving in that State five years ago he borrowed \$50 from a friend to pay rental on a piece of land, and to-day he is worth \$2,000,000.

A SAILOR'S SUMMONS.
Something white came up last night;
It was the mist, perhaps, or rain;
It wheeled about, flashed in and out,
And beckoned 'gainst the window pane;
It was a bird, no doubt—no doubt,
And will not come again.

And something beat with slow repeat,
And heavy swell, the old sea-wall;
And shrill and clear and piercing sweet,
I thought I heard the boatswain's call.
The sails were set—and yet, and yet,
It may have been no boat at all.

But if to-night a sail should leap
From out the dark and driving rain,
You must not hold me back nor weep,
For I must sail a trackless main
To find and have, to hold and keep,
What I have sought so long in vain.

I need no chart of sea nor sand,
Nor any blazing beacon star;
My prow against wild waves shall stand
Until it cuts the blessed bar,
And I run up the shining strand
Where my lost youth and Mary are.
—Flavin Rosser in National.

FREE ADVERTISING.
Actress—There is one thing. I have a manager who knows just what to do when I lose my diamonds.
Friend—Notifies the police, eh?
Actress—No, notifies the reporters.

REAL WOE.
Stranger—Poor man! I suppose you don't know where your next meal is coming from, eh?
Weary—Woe'n that, sir. I don't even know where my next drink is coming from.

WHIRL OF EXCITEMENT.
City Man—But country life must be so dull; you have no excitement.
Farmer Ragweed—No excitement? Why, say, didn't you never set and read the patent medicine almanac and wonder what disease you were going to have next?

DISGUSTED PASSENGER.
A Woman's Problem.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
How is it that I, a passable young lady, cannot get any good, honest, payable position? I have travelled some, am single, and it seems to me so many young ladies who nowadays can't hold a good man will always get married before one who could. I am twenty-two years old, dress neatly, am passable in looks, am not experienced in any work, but am good for all kinds. Can the readers of The Evening World solve this problem? If so, I wish they would.

A Seventy-Word Barbecue.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
There is a public nuisance in a sample of lowest type of man covered with better talent than a real honest man and whose gross flesh is extended like a polished pup, in his last year's straw hat and red striped shirt, who makes it

freedom of labor he should work for the single tax, which is the best means for securing the freedom both of labor and capital. P. ALKIN.

Like "Barney" and "Hittie."
To the Editor of The Evening World:
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A PRACTICAL PROPHET.



QUAY—IF WE DON'T
END THIS COAL STRIKE, SOON!
IT WILL END US!
MORGAN—WHO IS US?



"The end of the strike is in sight,"
So says Prophet T. C. P.,
Who sees it must end, all right,
Or 'twill end the poor G. O. P.

A BIG APPETITE.



Mrs. Hippo—They didn't invite my husband to the feast, did they?
Mr. Lec—No, they said the trust has everything so high that they couldn't afford to feed him.

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ODDITY CORNER.

THE INDIAN BELLE'S DIAMONDS—ELKS' TEETH.



Indian Squaw in Gown Studded with Elks' Teeth. An Indian Vest Decorated with Elks' Teeth.

When a New York woman, or indeed a civilized woman anywhere, wishes to impress the world with her wealth, she adorns herself with many diamonds.

With the same end in view an Indian squaw makes use of elk teeth. For whenever she wishes to be particularly impressive she arrays herself in a dark-blue blanket-jacket covered with row after row of glittering ivory. And the more teeth the more splendor.

As big game grows each year more and more scarce, elk teeth have become correspondingly valuable, until now they have assumed the rank of treasures. This is because there are but two ivory teeth in each animal. They are found in the upper jaw and constitute the only five ivory now to be found in the North American continent. Their value is determined by size, color, shape and markings made by grass stains, which are known as "eyes." In color they are ivory, green or red. The colored teeth are found only in graves where they have been buried with their owners.

The jade-green tint is the rarest and most valued, the idea being that the rare color is produced by the decomposition of the body. The red shade is obtained by burial with the blanket.

Matched, teeth range in price from \$5 to \$100 per pair. A fine jacket has on an average 400 teeth and its value ranges anywhere from \$1500 to \$400,000 or even more. The foundation of the garment is dark-blue broadcloth or blanket cloth, with narrow bands of white edged with scarlet about the throat, sleeves and bottom. There is usually rich beadwork about the neck and down the shoulder seams in epaulette fashion. The garment sometimes stops a little below the waist or often reaches to the heels. The teeth are pierced through the root and tied on through these holes with little leather thongs in symmetrical rows. When there are some of the precious grave teeth these are arranged in clusters and placed where they will show to the best advantage.

This garment usually follows the distaff side of the house and descends from mother to daughters. Imitation elk teeth are made by the Indians and sold to the unwary traveller. But a squaw holds them in about the esteem that the fastidious daughter of civilization accords to rhinestones.

SPECTACLES AND CLIMATE.
Dr. Hull, of Pasadena, reads a needed lesson to Eastern physicians who are indifferent to or ignorant of the powerful influence for evil of eye-strain upon the general system, and who send their patients to California instead of to the home oculist, says American Medicine.

"It is surprising," he says, "how many neurasthenics cross the continent in search of health who have uncorrected errors of refraction, which are the largest factors in their breakdowns."

The "glare of the sun" in this land of sunshine compels them upon arriving to seek the local oculist there, who, in relieving eye-strain, relieves also the stomach trouble, the headaches, the insomnia, depression of spirits, spinal exhaustion, &c., for which they came. Even when there is such organic disease as pulmonary tuberculosis the cure is hastened, complicating symptoms relieved and life made more enjoyable by this aid.

A FAMOUS BELL DOOMED.
An ominous crack has just been discovered in one of the most famous bells in the world, the so-called "La Clemence," in the Cathedral of St. Peter at Geneva, says the Westminster Gazette. It is the bell which was sounded at the "Escalade" of the dark night of St. Thomas's day, December 21, 1602, when the 8,000 Savoyards made their attack upon the "Rome of Protestantism."

The assailants had crept close to the fortifications unobserved, and had planted their ladders, the Jesuit missionaries exhorting them in whispers, "Climb, climb! every rung of the ladder is a step to heaven!" when the loud clanging of La Clemence was heard, calling the citizens to arms, and Geneva was rescued. The Savoyards were driven back, and the aged Theodor, Beaucourt, called the people into the cathedral, where they sang the one hundred and twenty-fourth Psalm. From 1602 to 1900, the bell has rung in memory of the "Escalade."

THE GIRL SANDWICH MAKER.
SINCE a practical girl discovered an unworked field of feminine employment, less than a year ago, in the making of sandwiches as a fine art, many of her sex all over the country have followed her example. The professional sandwich maker is now a recognized and important factor in catering for luncheons, picnics, &c., says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

She must have, among other requisites, skill and refinement, a knowledge of delicious combinations which will please not only the palate but the eye as well, and the neatness and daintiness of a perfect housewife.

To such perfection has the business been carried that the number and variety of these erstwhile homely confections are most astonishing. More than thirty kinds are now in the curriculum. Butter and the cream of the very best materials—the freshest of butter and thin-cut day-old bread being the corner-stones of the successful building of a sandwich.

The filling is an ever-changing mystery of deliciousness. Each new recruit to the ranks takes a proper pride in inventing some specially new and toothsome paste to go between covers. There are cream cheese, nasturtium, walnut, lettuce, cucumber, olive, anchovy, sardine, salted almond and dozens of others.

The meat is never put in sliced, but chopped fine and mixed with other substances, as chopped olives, parsley, mayonnaise, &c., and well seasoned. The golf sandwich is of brown bread, cut round with a biscuit cutter, and the filling is composed of no less than ten different ingredients.

The crust of the bread is always pared off and the core is cut to water thickness. It is then cut into fanciful shapes, oblong, triangles and circles being the most common. For card parties, diamonds and hearts are the correct thing. When safely and neatly filled, the sandwiches are carefully wrapped in waxed paper.

The girls place their work on sale at the women's exchanges and take orders for travellers' baskets, tea, receptions, &c., and many of them have a list of private customers whom they keep supplied with these dainties.

BABY TELEGRAPHER.
William McKinley Encore, of Menard, Ill., is perhaps the youngest telegraph operator in the world. He is now only ten years old, and is able to read and receive messages on main-line wires with the accuracy of an adult operator.

His sister Lena, who is eleven years old, is an equally skilled operator. Both children were taught telegraphy by their mother. Their father was an operator.

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